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LITERARY LANDMARKS.

BEING A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF CELEBRATED AUTHORS WHO
HAVE LIVED IN WASHINGTON, THE LOCATION OF THEIR
HOMES, AND WHAT THEY HAVE WRITTEN.

BY MARGARET BRENT DOWNING.

(Read before the Society, February 16, 1915.)

“All the birds sing in Arcady.”

John Kendrick Bangs observed in a recent lecture that so universally is Washington accepted as the literary as well as the political capital of the nation that stand where you may and cast a stone you will surely strike a man or a woman who has written a book. Ainsworth R. Spofford, late librarian of Congress and an irreparable loss to this Society, read before it on February 10, 1902, a paper entitled “Washington in Literature.” It was an invaluable addition to the archives and gave the complete and comprehensive treatment of the subject for which all of Mr. Spofford’s writings are renowned. To enumerate the titles of all the books emanating from Washington which Mr. Spofford considered of national importance, required more than eight pages of solid printed matter.

In the thirteen years which have elapsed the making of books has gone forward with leaps and bounds. To cover the field with even a casual glance and add to Mr. Spofford’s list would require quadruple the time that is allotted to the reading of these papers. Of the total population of Washington, it is estimated that more than twelve thousand engage in the profession of letters, some being writers exclusively, others adding that

gentle art to more serious avocations. The numerous officials of the government of whom President Wilson stands preëminent, diplomats, members of the Supreme Court and of the national legislature, the scientists of the Smithsonian and other branches of the government, the professors of the various colleges and universities, the great number of literati resident here and the members of the press compose this large body. Just to tell off their names and what they have written would be too lengthy a task.

But with the lighter charms of literature, historical memoirs, familiar speeches, favorite songs and popular novels, sprightly letters written by famous men and women, Washington has an intimate and pleasing association. William Wirt, for instance, was a near-Washingtonian, since he was born in the sleepy old village of Bladensburg and his long and useful life was affiliated with stirring chapters of national history. He wrote voluminously on many themes, "The Letters to a British Spy," the political essays signed "Bachelor" and the "Life and Times of Patrick Henry." He was Attorney-General of the United States for twelve years under Monroe and Adams, a term in the presidential council exceeded only by that of James Wilson, of Iowa, who for sixteen years was Secretary of Agriculture. Mr. Wirt was prosecuting attorney for the government against Aaron Burr and his speech "Who is Blannerhassett?" will probably continue his greatest claim to fame when his finer efforts are forgotten. No public utterance has been so frequently the victim of academic oratory. The passage where he describes the lovely young wife of Burr's victim "whom he lately permitted not the winds of Heaven to visit too roughly, shivering at midnight on the banks of the Ohio and mingling her tears with the torrents which froze as

they fell," still calls forth tears and laughter from any American audience, especially of an older generation.

Mr. Wirt resided for twelve years in the fine old brick mansion on G Street between Eighteenth and Nineteenth, the former home of Tobias Lear, Washington's private secretary and Jefferson's commissioner to end the war in Tripoli. A lovely garden surrounded the house and the high brick wall enclosing it remained until recently. Mrs. Wirt was Elizabeth Washington Gamble, daughter of Colonel Robert Gamble, of Richmond. She was accomplished in many ways and figures prominently in the social annals of the day. She wrote the first book on flowers published in this country, "Flora's Dictionary, being a complete botany, a floral letter writer and a book of quotations." It was published in Baltimore in 1829 and may still be found in libraries of the Maryland and Virginia gentry who were Mrs. Wirt's kindred. The Wirt mansion figures again in literary annals as the home of John P. Kennedy, Poe's benefactor, and also the intimate friend of Washington Irving. A few rods east of this ancient domicile is the stately mansion where Edward Everett lived as Secretary of State and Jefferson Davis as Secretary of War.

When Adelina Patti, by many considered the greatest of all lyric sopranos, made what really proved to be her last appearance in Washington, she sang in response to thundering encores two songs, intimately associated with its literary history: "Home Sweet Home" and "My Life Is Like a Summer Rose." Of the first in its chronological order later. Of the second, few know that it was written here in 1817 when its author, Richard Henry Wilde, of Atlanta, Georgia, was a member of the Lower House. Mr. Wilde has claims to lasting fame in his excellent translation of Petrarch's

sonnets and his monumental work, "History of the Love, Madness and Imprisonment of Torquato Tasso," with a complete English version of Tasso's works. Mr. Wilde lived for years in Florence and discovered and published three forgotten manuscripts on the life and times of Dante. It was he who finally located in the Bargello the famous old fresco of the Divine Poet by Giotto, which had for centuries been covered with whitewash and paint. But his name, in his native country at least, now lives through his old song, written as part of an epic poem to relate the adventures of Pamfilio de Narvaez, adventurer of Madrid, who entered the Bay of Tampa in 1573 with five ships and six hundred men. All of the voyagers perished except Juan Ortiz, and the song was his lament when held captive in Mexico, whither his boat had been blown.

Mr. Wilde, possibly discouraged that his larger efforts were unappreciated, took umbrage at any allusion to his pretty song. To sing or recite "My Life Is Like a Summer Rose" was to send him in a towering rage towards the door, especially after that laughable incident connected with his friend Barclay, who translated the verses into Greek, published them in the *North American Review*, and then gravely charged Wilde with plagiarism. Barclay afterwards acknowledged the practical joke but the fiery Georgian resented the incident and his friends allege that ever after it was tantamount to courting a challenge to a duel to mention "summer" in connection with a "rose."

This recalls the attitude of another member of the Lower House towards a beloved old song—Thomas Dunn English, of New Jersey, who in the days of his youth wrote "Ben Bolt." Mr. English bitterly repented that dalliance with the Muses and he would abruptly depart from a company should any one dare

to play his melody. It is recorded that he had promised to address the graduating class of a well known seminary. When he stepped onto the stage the orchestra began softly, "Don't you remember sweet Alice." Mr. English glared around and took his leave without any explanation. Every one here can recall the fury with which the late Senator Thurston of Nebraska received any reference to that poetical composition, written before he was twenty, "I Said to the Rose, O Red, Red Rose," and the everlasting parodies on it, especially that popular one, "I Said to My Nose, O Red, Red Nose," published broadcast over the land. All of these horrible examples may explain why so few public men now write poetry.

The sweet singer of Erin, Thomas Moore, came to Washington in 1804 and he tells specifically that he was entertained at 2020 K Street. He thought very poorly of Washington and its people, and has so expressed himself in rhyme, but as he later confesses himself, without reason. He explains in later years that coming to the American capital with Anthony Merry, the British envoy, during the heat of that famous controversy over precedence, he was prejudiced beforehand and saw everything with a jaundiced eye. The letter which he dated from Washington to the Viscount Forbes, in which he arraigns the integrity of the entire governmental body, did not smooth the way for Mr. or Mrs. Merry. On the contrary, there was so much friction and complaining, first to the Secretary of State here and to the Foreign Office of London, that for years Great Britain made it a practice to send only bachelor ministers to this capital. As Emerson so aptly shows, social vices are so much more tangible than social virtues. Washington and the nation have long ago laughed off their resentment over Moore's grotesque

exaggeration of the vices which he saw and his negligence of the virtues which escaped him.

Many famous names are recorded in the early annals, especially the long list of celebrities who were the guests of Thomas Law at his several homes: northeast corner of Sixth and N Streets, S. W., on the high banks of the river and a beautiful home for the era; then at the northeast corner of the row of brick buildings which Mr. Law erected here in 1796; later the northwest corner now covered by Hotel Varnum. Mr. Law plays various rôles in the history of Washington. His many-sided personality has been graphically portrayed in several papers before this Society. I am concerned only in the literary sense. Those who wish to know his history and achievements can find no better medium than the monograph written by Allen C. Clark, "Greenleaf and Law." He was of excellent lineage, being the son of the Bishop of Carlisle and brother of Edward Law, Lord Ellenborough and Lord Chancellor of England. He was an East Indian merchant, friend of Warren Hastings, and brought to this country a fortune approximating \$500,000. He wrote "Thoughts on Instinctive Impulses" and many essays on sound banking. Mr. Law lived in excellent style and entertained all the illustrious visitors to the new capital. Of these may be mentioned Louis Philippe, the Duc de la Rouchefoucauld and Baron von Humboldt. All the British travelers were made welcome at his home. Among the earliest may be mentioned Richard Parkinson who wrote two volumes of his impressions of Washington which were among the first books of this type. Mr. Parkinson mentions meeting General Washington on several occasions at Mr. Law's, finds him sociable and entertaining, though he adds that "he went to bed at nine-thirty, that being his hour." John

Davis, schoolmaster; Francis Bailey, president of the Royal Astronomical Society; and Thomas Twining all came in the first decade of Washington history and were the guests of Mr. Law. Only Baron von Humboldt saw a glorious city in the "vast Serbonian bog" which the capital then presented. He is on record as remarking when Mr. Law took him to the highest point on Capitol Hill, and pointed out the shining river rolling between its picturesque, verdant banks, the lovely isles dotting its surface and the splendid woodlands stretching along the valley of Tiber Creek, that never had he beheld a more beautiful panorama.

Margaret Bayard Smith, wife of Samuel Harrison Smith, first editor of the *National Intelligencer*, is one of the charming historians of Washington in its first half century. Her letters and comments on men and affairs extending over forty years have been collected with loving care by her grandson, J. Henley Smith and ably edited by Gaillard Hunt. Mr. and Mrs. Harrison Smith resided at Sidney, a fine country seat now embraced in the park of the Catholic University of America at Brookland, D. C. The old yellow brick mansion where all the men of letters of the day gathered at the hospitable board, was for twenty-two years occupied by the Paulist House of Studies. The reputation established at Sidney during the regime of the distinguished editor and his gifted wife is fully sustained by the faculty of the University, and the making of books in this particular environment continues unceasingly.

Associated with Samuel Harrison Smith are the names of the renowned journalists, Joseph Gales and William H. Seaton. The literary beginnings of Washington might well be reckoned from journalism. It is necessary but to mention Doctor Gamaliel Bailey, editor of the *National Era*, an anti-slavery advocate. This

journal published in serial form, in 1851, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," and its author, Mrs. Harriet Beecher Stowe, lived in Washington during the period when her famous novel was appearing. Poems from the pen of Longfellow, Whittier, Holmes and Lowell were published by Doctor Bailey long before the illustrious authors attained their present rating in the halls of fame. Joel Barlow and Kalorama are closely intwined in all that relates to the higher intellectual life of early Washington. As Thomas Law, so Joel Barlow has been a favorite study of this Society and many entertaining and valuable sketches have been read of him, of his accomplished wife, and of his home Kalorama, frequently called the Holland House of America. The mansion and splendid park have been trampled out of existence in the march of progress over the west hills of the city, and only the broad boulevard, Kalorama Road, serves as a reminder of the historic spot. Tom Paine was an intimate of Mr. Barlow's and passed much time in his home. Mr. Paine is said to have suggested the most striking features in the gardens and to have supervised personally the execution of his novel ideas in landscape gardening. Joel Barlow wrote "The Columbiad" which he intended to be an immortal national epic. Though conceived in the loftiest patriotism and written by a ripe scholar and philosopher, "The Columbiad" is not a great poem. It was elaborately illustrated and excellently printed, and for many years it was considered the best specimen of book-making done in this country.

Illuminating gleams of literary Washington may be found in letters written by the ladies of the White House. Allen C. Clark has collected and published the letters of Dolly Madison, an invaluable aid to the student of the early days. Mrs. John Adams was a grace-

ful letter-writer and Mrs. John Quincy Adams a brilliant one. Mrs. Robert Tyler, daughter-in-law of President Tyler and presiding lady of the White House during part of his term, is particularly happy in her description of the capital city of her day, from 1841 to 1843. She was lovely in face and figure—as all may see who visit the gallery of “First Ladies” kept in the presidential mansion, gifted and accomplished in many ways. She stands out from those who preceded and have followed her as the only actress who has occupied the exalted post. She was before her marriage Priscilla Cooper, daughter of John Althorpe Cooper, a tragedian of celebrity in his day, whose rare appearances in the capital were considered histrionic events of prime importance. In a letter written to a friend in New York in January, 1842, she speaks of “matronizing” two pretty girls to the Assembly fêtes held in the old Washington theater, second only in social brilliancy to those in the White House. John Quincy Adams compliments her glowing beauty and after narrating this, she adds with characteristic frankness:

“Here was I born Priscilla Cooper, surrounded by great people and enjoying life to the full. Presently Mr. Adams said, ‘In this very spot where we now stand, I saw the greatest play and the finest acting I have ever seen, though I have in my time seen all that Europe can show and the best in this country.’ Then he added looking at me impressively, ‘The play was Macbeth and the actor John Althorpe Cooper.’ I felt the tears rise to my eyes at this appreciation of my dear father. I looked down at my velvet gown and thought of the flimsy one I had worn as Lady Randolph on this very stage just six years before when we went through a miserable engagement of two rainy nights.”

Edgar Allen Poe came to Washington in March, 1842, on the fruitless errand, as Richard Henry Stod-

dard, his most sympathetic biographer tells, of interesting President Tyler in his latest literary venture, the "Stylus," which was planned to be published in Richmond, but which never saw the light of day. Poe remained in the city about three weeks, and according to tradition which has held during all these years, he lived in that old yellow brick dwelling, sitting far back in the yard on New York Avenue on the south side, and but a few rods removed from Thirteenth Street. This house was a familiar landmark until three years ago, and was successively a boarding house and a well-known French school. During the latter part of its existence it was kept by those two inestimable ladies, the Misses Berrett, and here several generations of Washington maidens learned the rudiments of the polite language of Europe. Poe wrote nothing during his stay except some scathing and complaining letters to various financial backers of his proposed weekly. Unless he came at some later time for a day or two, this is the only visit which the greatest of American poets paid to the capital of his native country.

At this same juncture of time, there was living in Washington another genius of pathetic memory, John Howard Payne, author of "Home, Sweet Home." His mission was to solicit the post of consul to Tunis, in the Barbary States, and here he died. William W. Corcoran, philanthropist of Washington, brought home the remains of the poet and he rests under a stately monument in Oak Hill Cemetery. Mr. Payne's home was for many years in Anacostia.

Charles Dickens came to Washington on his first visit, in March, 1842. His American Notes are familiar to all his readers. The feeling of resentment so strongly marked when Ben Perley Poore wrote in his inimitable memoirs, "Dickens was made too much of here in

Washington and he is suffering from the big head," has been mellowed by time into a cheerful acceptance of an humorist's tendency to exaggerate and the Briton's desire to exalt his own country by belittling every other. Then, on his second visit during January, 1867, he made the amende honorable and all has been forgiven. Of his residence during that first sojourn, he writes: "The hotel (the Old Willard) in which we live is a long row of small houses fronting on the street (Pennsylvania Avenue) and opening on the back (F Street) upon a common yard in which hangs a great triangle. Whenever a servant is wanted, somebody beats on this triangle from one to seven strokes according to the number of the house in which his presence is required; and as all of the servants are always being wanted and none of them ever come, this enlivening engine is in full performance the whole day through. Clothes are drying in this same yard, female slaves with their heads tied in cotton handkerchiefs are running to and fro on the hotel business, black waiters cross and recross with dishes in their hands, two great dogs are playing upon a mound of loose bricks in the center of this little square, a pig is turning himself to the sun and grunting 'That's comfortable,' and neither the men, nor the women, nor the dogs, nor the pig, nor any created creature, takes the slightest notice of the triangle which is tingling madly all the time."

Dickens's letters to Forster contain entertaining glimpses of public men of the day. In one dated March 25, 1842, we read:

"I have the privilege of appearing on the floor of both Houses and I go to them every day. They are handsome and commodious. There is a great deal of bad speaking but still a great many remarkable men in the Legislature: John Quincy Adams, Clay, Preston, Calhoun, with all of whom I have been

placed in the friendliest relations. Adams is a fine old fellow, seventy-six years old but with most surprising vigor, memory, readiness and pluck. Clay is perfectly enchanting, an irresistible man. There are some noble specimens from out West, splendid men to look at, hard to deceive, prompt to act, lions in courage and energy, Crichtons on varied accomplishments, Indians in quickness of eye and gesture and Americans in affectionate, generous impulses. It would be difficult to exaggerate the nobility of these generous fellows."

Daniel Webster requested Washington Irving to bring Dickens to dine. The defender of the constitution was living in the fine old mansion built by Governor Swann of Maryland, which had been presented by his admirers. It stands on H Street and Connecticut Avenue, one of the best preserved connecting links with the splendid literary past. William Corcoran Eustis resides there in winter and maintains the unbroken traditions of hospitality extending from Webster's day to this. Webster's invitations to dine were always oral and ran in this wise, as the writings of many of his contemporaries attest:

"I have, Sir, purchased in market this morning a famous opossum. I have sent it home to Monica, my cook, to prepare it in true Virginia fashion, stuffed with chestnuts and baked with sweet potatoes. It will be a dish fit for the gods. Come, Sir, and try it."

Dickens records in several letters that he had dined with Webster and listened to entertaining gossip. But 'possum did not impress him. Indeed culinary art in general is more frequently the theme of malediction than of praise, with the exception of that mint julep, "that enchanted mint julep," as he rapturously calls it, which he and his friend Irving sat up all night to consume and under the influence of which they grew so mellow and recalled so tearfully the happy days of the

past. The julep had been presented by the friends of both authors and was served in a huge glass bowl about the size of a moderately large round table and with two straws. He mournfully relates that this was the last meeting with his good friend Irving, whom no one living or dead loved and admired so much as he.

Several visits and a dinner are recorded as having taken place in the home of the British minister, Henry Stephen Fox. Mr. Fox was one of the most distinguished diplomatists whom the United Kingdom has ever sent to represent its interests in this capital. He was the grandson of that General Fox who led the British troops against the colonists at the battle of Lexington, and the nephew of the renowned statesman, Charles Fox. The British Legation was at that time located in a tall brick building on the corner of Twenty-third and Pennsylvania Avenue and was afterwards the home of Slidell of the Slidell-Mason episode. Its site is now occupied by Saint Ann's Infant Asylum.

Dickens returned to Washington in January, 1868. He found the old Willard replaced by that Willard hotel well remembered by all Washingtonians as having been torn down less than fifteen years ago to give place to the more pretentious New Willard. This former hotel, from prints of 1858 extant, rose six or seven stories and covered with annexes and halls all the yard so ludicrously described in 1842. Dickens seems to have spent little time in the hotel for he was entertained extensively by Charles Sumner and other friends whom he knew in London. His health is miserable. He writes pathetically of Sumner's distress on finding him hoarse and feverish and his urgent appeal to postpone the reading of Doctor Marigold. Dickens calls his malady catarrh, but the resident of Washington of to-day, reading his symptoms, will at once set him down

as one of the earliest and most illustrious victims of la grippe. As on his former visit he is delighted over the success of his readings, "attended by all the notables." He mentions a ludicrous mistake of his advertising agent, which he thinks was really done to cheer him, for he is heavy and rarely sleeps much. The notice published in the papers of the day ran thus:

"Mr. Dickens' reading will be comprised within two minutes and the audience are earnestly requested to be seated two hours before its commencement."

This announcement was received with roars of laughter as the joke of the eminent humorist, and no doubt drew twice the crowd an ordinary statement would have attracted.

Dickens writes to his daughter on his birthday of his having been presented to President Andrew Johnson and he adds a vivid pen picture of this mooted figure in American history. He tells that as it became known that it was his birthday, he returned to find his room filled with beautiful flowers, gifts of gold sleeve-links, gold stick pins and every kind of message of good cheer, just as though he were a little boy. In several letters written to Forster during this second and last visit, he touches on the illustrious men of letters whom it has been his great pleasure to meet, Longfellow, Jared Sparks, Ticknor and Doctor Channing. Halleck he finds a merry little fellow, Bryant a sad and reserved man. He laments frequently his good friend Irving with whom he had laughed so often. Washington Alston, the painter, who wrote "Monaldi," he calls "a glorious old genius."

After spending nearly six months in this country, before sailing for home, Dickens made his apology for the untrue statements of his former visit. After a rousing

tribute to the spirit of progress everywhere apparent since his visit twenty-five years before, and to the marvelous changes which his eye beheld at every turn, he says:

“I would not be so arrogant as to suppose that these twenty-five years had not wrought a change in me, or that I had nothing to learn or previous impressions to correct.”

Dickens published nothing of this second tour of America. Those who wish to learn intimate details must search carefully through his letters and the notes of his literary executors. Of this second visit, he records an amazing conversation held with Horace Greely. The great editor solemnly warned Dickens not to venture to the capital at this time (January, 1868), “because the city is filled with great rowdies and the worst lot of people in the states.” Of the falsity of these conclusions, Dickens notes, he hastened to inform Mr. Greely when he returned to New York.

Washington Irving is among the renowned men of letters who spent much time in Washington and wrote entertainingly of the happenings of the hour. As early as July, 1807, then a mere sapling in the forest of literature, Irving addressed a letter to Miss Failee:

“I am,” he writes, “scribbling in the parlor of Mr. Van Ness at whose house I am on a visit.” Again in a letter of January 13, 1811,

“I am delightfully moored ‘head and stern’ in the family of John P. Van Ness, brother of William P. He is an old friend of mine and insisted on my coming to his house the morning after my arrival. The family is very agreeable. Mrs. Van Ness is a pleasant pretty woman and quite gay;—then there are two pretty girls likewise, one a Miss Smith *clean* from Long Island, her father being a member of Congress; she is a fine blooming country lass and a great belle here. You see I am in clover,—happy dog.”

This house so often mentioned in the Irving letters is 1202 D Street near the terminus of the Alexandria and Mount Vernon Electric Railway. It is in a fair state of preservation and has been readapted for the uses of a modern printing plant. Irving mentions many visits to the home of John P. Kennedy, that life-long friend with whom he traveled abroad so many times. Mr. Kennedy lived in what was then called the old McLane mansion and already described as being for many years the home of William Wirt. Mr. Irving writes:

“I have a sunny room on Pennsylvania Avenue and take my meals with the Kennedys who are living in McLane’s house. Thus I have all the comforts of home and abundant company and then the privilege of retiring at will into my bachelor shell near-by.”

Irving came to Washington in March, 1842, for the dual purpose of hearing his friend Charles Dickens deliver his first course of readings and to pay his respects to President Tyler and to the Secretary of State, Daniel Webster, before leaving for Spain, where he had been appointed United States minister. His memoirs and Dickens’s also are dotted with pleasant incidents of this time. Irving was very likely a fellow sufferer with the illustrious Briton at the Old Willard. Again he dropped down from Sunnyside to hear Thackeray lecture on English Humorists. His smiling face and the enthusiasm he displayed were keenly appreciated by the author of “Pendennis.”

Like other celebrities before and since his day, Irving could not visit Washington so frequently without becoming the theme of gossip. He complains whimsically in a letter to James K. Paulding, dated Washington, January 3, 1833:

"My dear Paulding:—

"As for rumors they are as numerous as they are absurd. Gouverneur's particular friend, Bankhead, the British Chargé d'Affaires, has just returned from New York very gravely charged with one concerning myself;—viz. that I was to marry Miss —— and receive the appointment of Postmaster of New York. Now either the lady or the office would be a sufficient blessing for a marrying or an office-craving man. But God help me, I should be as much bothered with the one as with the other."

Daniel Webster admired Irving with the enthusiasm of a great soul. It is a tradition that he conferred the ministry of Spain without solicitation from the Sage of Sunnyside or his friends. Some of Irving's letters throw doubt on this. It is true that the author of the *Alhambra* and the "Conquest of Granada" pined to revisit the land of the olive and myrtle and that soon after William Henry Harrison's death he timidly suggested to the American Foreign Office that if they desired a bearer of official despatches to the Spanish government, he would cheerfully undertake the safe conduct of such papers. He frankly acknowledged his desire to visit Spain again and pleaded that his slender resources prevented his going entirely at his own expense. Webster was non-committal but promised to think over the matter. The gentle Irving seemed deeply wounded at this rebuff but he was zealous enough in behalf of his beloved work to come to Washington some months later to ask Mr. Webster's decision. Then he was informed that he would not be sent as a bearer of messages since the President had just appointed him minister to Spain and he might depart for the Land of the Cid at his earliest convenience. Irving appreciated the honor, for he had a singularly frank and grateful nature, but he was not overwhelmed

as some of his biographers infer. Rather he felt hampered by such obligations as he must perforce assume, and for such a simple and direct nature, life in Madrid in the early forties was not enticing. He writes en route to his friend Washington Alston:

"I am somewhat of a philosopher so I shall resign myself to the splendors of court and the conversation of courtiers, comforting myself with the thought that I shall return once more to sweet little Sunnyside, sit on the stone fence and talk politics and crops with Neighbor Forkel and Uncle Brom Ebenezer."

Irving's term as minister to Spain was entirely uneventful. His letters and state papers to the Department were written in his own delicate hand and couched in such exquisite, graphic English, that they form the major part of the literary treasures in the files of our Foreign Office.

A pleasant chapter in Washington's literary history is contained in the three weeks' visit which William Makepeace Thackeray made here in February and March, 1853. He was, during the entire period of his stay, entertained at the home of the British Minister, Sir Philip Crampton, who resided in the same house as that occupied by Mr. Fox. Gratitude at the splendid pecuniary results of his lectures on British humorists seems to dominate any feeling which might have actuated Thackeray towards criticism or fault-finding. He does, it is true, poke fun at the sword-swallowing exhibitions of some Americans and he writes his friend Reid:

"Poking cold steel down one's throat is not a crime and I recall perfectly my good grandma Thackeray thus eating her food. Still I wish four at the same time would not do so right under my nose."

On March 2, the eminent satirist writes his mother from Washington and says among other things:

"The time has been very pleasant here. I dined with the President (Mr. Fillmore) on Thursday and yesterday he and the President-Elect (Mr. Pierce) came arm-in-arm to my lecture like two kings of Brentford smiling on one rose."

He mentions his friend "The Old Knick" Washington Irving thus affectionately dubbed by his friends in recognition of his most popular work "Knickerbocker Papers," as being in his first audience. Crowe's charming book "With Thackeray in America" throws fascinating gleams on the minor happenings. We learn from Crowe that Longfellow came down from Cambridge to hear the Congreve lecture, and on its conclusion he presented James Russell Lowell whom Thackeray had not previously met. The three great men dined some weeks later in Cambridge. What a pity Thackeray does not recall some of the table chat on this momentous occasion! He acknowledges many courtesies from Senator G. T. Davis whose son was attached to the legation in London and was his very good friend.

It was to the British Legation on Twenty-third and Pennsylvania Avenue that Harper, head of the great publishing firm came joyously to secure the rights of reproducing the lectures and the Roundabout Papers in serial form. Harper had asked permission to present his young daughter and the famous author received her most amiably. After shaking her hand, complimenting her curls and writing in her poetry book, Thackeray gazed at her sadly and murmured: "So young, so innocent, so fair—and to think she is the daughter of a pirate."

Thackeray records repeatedly his delight at the pop-

ularity of what he thought his worthiest effort, "The History of Henry Esmond." He heard warm praise of it in America while it had been coldly received in England. So he informs his publisher Field whom he accidentally encounters on the street: "I have just taken three volumes of 'The History of Henry Esmond' to Prescott as a reward of merit for having given me my first dinner in America." He records a singular instance of the friendships and enmities of authors and of the broad views held by those in America. His friend the "Old Knick" had considered turning his pen towards New Spain as a fruitful field, after having exhausted the romantic side of the history of ancient Hispaniola. He found that Prescott had already pre-empted that chapter of adventure and romance and that his famous works "New Granada" and "The Conquests of Cortes and Pizarro" were about to see the light of print. Mr. Irving immediately renounced his ambition though he could have treated this fascinating study from a different angle. Again Prescott, having covered all he thought worthy in the new land of Hidalgos thought of the fertile realms for romance in the Dutch Republic. Prescott found that while he was weaving magic tales about Latin America, a master-hand, John Lothrop Motley had conceived the idea of telling the splendid chronicles of the Netherlands; so he also desisted and worshipped the new star which had arisen in the sky which he hoped to illuminate.

Thackeray paid a second visit to Washington en route from Baltimore to Richmond. A souvenir of that brief sojourn is the property of Mr. John B. Larner who kindly lent it for insertion in this paper. It consists of a short note from the novelist to Mrs. Hamilton Fish, wife of the future Secretary of State, then living at 1710 H Street. Mr. Fish was serving his

country as senator from New York. The note was despatched from the National Hotel and reads:

"Dear Mrs. Fish,

"I did not answer Mr. Fish's kind note on Monday not being quite certain I should be able to get away from Baltimore (but I have arrived and for this day only) and at six o'clock I shall be delighted to partake of your dinner.

"Very respectfully yours,

"William Thackeray."

Prescott, the blind historian whom Thackeray knew well and admired profoundly was a frequent visitor to Washington between '40 and '53. He made a lengthy stay in the city in the wake of the British satirist and was during this period entertained frequently at the White House by President Pierce. Mr. Prescott wrote nothing during this residence though his letters and memoirs contain some interesting allusions to his Washington visits.

The house occupied by Charles Sumner and so frequently mentioned by Dickens and the literary folk of the day is no more. Its former site is part of that ugly hole which marks the old site of the Arlington Hotel. Perhaps a future generation may see its glorified namesake though there are no signs that the present inhabitants will have that felicity. All about Lafayette Square on which the Sumner house looked, roam ghosts of great men of letters. The Cosmos Club occupies the domicile of Mistress Dolly Madison. It had been erected by her brother-in-law, that Richard Cutts who figures in the doggerel the lively Dolly wrote about the coach, beginning "My sister Cutts and Cutts and Me." This stately mansion has played many rôles in the history of Washington. The literary portion is not insignificant. As the British legation, it was the home of Lord Bul-

wer Lytton. It was here during his term, 1850-52, that he wrote the monograph of Lord Palmerston. Tradition says that his talented nephew and secretary, Owen Meredith, found inspiration in the lovely old garden for a part, at least, of the romantic poem, "Lucille."

All up and down H Street illustrious men in every domain of art and letters may be seen in retrospection. On the spot where the Shoreham Hotel now stands was the home of Samuel Cooper, member of Congress from Boston, friend of Sumner, and of all the eminent men of his era. Colonel Cooper was the confidante and loyal supporter of John Lothrop Motley, author of "The Dutch Republic," the "United Netherlands," "Florentine Mosaics" and many other books of signal worth. Nearly all of Motley's visits to the Capital of his country were spent as guest at the Cooper home. It was the daughter-in-law of this statesman, the pretty young widow of the son killed in the Civil War, who became the wife of Sumner. Sumner's impetuous wooing, hasty wedding and the unhappy end are too well known to require more than passing notice. The romance came to an untimely end in less than a year and the final chapter had the gray and dismal setting of the divorce court. Neither took the world into confidence and the causes are more obscure than those relating to the first marriage of Samuel Houston.

Mr. and Mrs. John Lothrop Motley during their frequent and prolonged visits to the Cooper menage were naturally thrown into terms of intimacy with Sumner, for Mr. Cooper and the Massachusetts statesman retained their early friendship despite the unhappy episode of the marriage. Motley, flushed with the praise of the literati of two continents, came to Washington in 1869. Most likely on the advice of Sumner, President Grant appointed the author of "The Dutch Repub-

lic" minister to Great Britain. This post was one which Motley ardently craved and about which he held many and serious consultations with Cooper and Sumner and other eminent politicians from the Bay State. Three of his daughters had married Englishmen, the eldest being the wife of Sir William Harcourt. Grant and Sumner quarrelled fiercely soon after Motley's appointment and so illustrious a commentator as Oliver Wendell Holmes writes: "As well leave Achilles out of the Iliad as to separate Grant's treatment of Motley from his anger towards Sumner." Motley freshly arrived at his post was summarily recalled and then dismissed from the diplomatic service, a humiliation which his friends believe to have hastened his death. He took up a residence on British soil, visiting his daughters alternately and before his death he requested his earthly remains to be allowed to rest in the land where he had found a refuge. Dean Stanley preached in Westminster Abbey, a wonderful oration over the dead scholar, likening America to Florence in its treatment of Dante.

It was in the Cooper mansion that Andrew Johnson passed the melancholy period elapsing between the assassination of President Lincoln, and the day when Mrs. Lincoln had regained sufficient composure to depart from the White House. When Levi P. Morton was a member of Congress from New York he purchased this property. During his term as Vice-President of the United States, the old mansion was razed to make room for the Shoreham Hotel where so many pleasant meetings of the Columbia Historical Society have been held.

1710 H Street, associated with the splendid hospitality of Mr. and Mrs. Hamilton Fish, plays an earlier and more important rôle in literary history. The mansion

still standing in excellent preservation was erected by Richard Rush, minister to the Court of Saint James when Benjamin Ogle Tayloe was secretary of the legation. Doctor Rush was the author of the sprightly memoirs of William IV, and was that commissioner cordially praised by President Andrew Jackson for having obtained from the British government the complete legacy left by James Smithson. Naturally the Britons with the memory of Chalmette fresh in their memory, were not over anxious to grant favors of any sort to Andrew Jackson nor to treat expeditiously with his representatives. Nevertheless Richard Rush in an incredibly short space of time, considering how long-drawn out legal matters are in London, arrived in this country with all the gold left by Smithson safely locked in his box. He may thus, in a way, be considered as one of the founders of that vast hive of literary industry, the Smithsonian Institution, for from that day to this an overflowing stream of books has emanated from the legacy of James Smithson. Lord Napier, Sir Frederic W. A. Bruce, Lord Lyons—British ministers—all lived in the house known as the Hamilton Fish place. All wrote more or less extensively during their terms here, though it must be conceded the note struck by each is that of an exile condemned to drag out a period of waiting in a semi-barbarous country. The secretary of Sir Frederic Bruce, Lawrence Oliphant, wrote lively memoirs of the Washington of his day, papers which will be illuminating to present politicians in their dalliance with envoys from Britain.

To an older generation 21 Madison Place, now 1623 H Street, familiar to present Washingtonians as the Tea-Cup Inn, is a landmark in literary annals, the home of George Bancroft. When Secretary of the Navy, he resided at 1751 Pennsylvania Avenue, the

residence of Francis P. Blair. H Street is more closely associated with the memory of Bancroft. In the garden where he labored so assiduously there are still roses which he planted. Flowering shrubs dear to him and to his friends are almost forest trees, and his loyal bulbs of lily and narcissus send up their slender arrows of green with the awakening of every spring. Hundreds of Washington people can recall his leisurely progress down H Street to the Park, to the Department of State and to the Treasury, and his courteous greetings of acquaintances by the way. Bancroft, like Longfellow, Whittier and Bryant, wore a long white beard; his hair was scanty above his brow but thick and bushy about his neck. His eyes, deep and gleaming, bespoke "the fire which burns beneath the snows of Heckla." He was immaculate in attire, wearing always, as the men of his school, the ceremonial broadcloth now strictly confined to afternoon events of a formal kind. His contemporaries insist that his principal foible was pride in his small and shapely hands and feet. Needless to say he wore the neatest and finest of gaiters and the softest gloves of a delicate shade of gray.

Bancroft is universally regarded as the stateliest figure in literary Washington. He filled many posts of honor with conspicuous success. He knew all the great men of his day and was held in affectionate esteem by a phenomenal number of the Immortals. His library contained the works of all eminent writers of his long era and a majority of these were autographed. The Victorian writers were nearly to a man his friends, and prior to the Victorian age, he knew Byron and had received an edition of *Don Juan* affectionately inscribed. He knew Goethe and was his guest at Wiemar. He recalls in one of his letters Goethe's opinion of Byron; and later visiting the reckless poet at Venice

he heard Byron tell what he thought of the author of *Faustus*. Bancroft's workshop was the front room of the second floor of his home, a sunny apartment with a broad outlook on Lafayette Park and downward to the White House and beyond to the green Mall and the shining river. Here he revised his "History of the United States" and wrote "The History of the Constitution." He arose every morning about four and worked three or four hours before breakfast, and then he usually walked, or on his familiar steed went cantering into the country. Bancroft's last public address, and he was constantly in demand as an orator, was delivered in this city in May, 1886, at the third meeting of the American Historical Society of which he was the founder. This communication was published in the *Magazine of American History* and in transmitting the manuscript the venerable scholar wrote:

"I was trained to look on life as a season for labor. Being now more than fourscore years, I know the time of my release must soon come. Conscious of being on the shores of eternity, I await without impatience or without dread the beckoning of the Hand which will summon me to rest."

The summons came on January 17, 1891, when the historian and statesman was in his ninetieth year and to paraphrase the words of Enoch Arden, "Washington never knew a greater funeral."

Coming lower down H Street one may visit many other literary shrines, none more revered than the home of John Hay, opposite old Saint John's. Colonel Hay wrote his novel "The Bread-Winners," a somewhat dubious addition to his fame, many exquisite poems and those splendid state papers which are so highly regarded at the Department, while he lived in this house. The Senator-Elect and Mrs. James W. Wadsworth, the

latter who was Alice Hay, now occupy this mansion and retain every feature familiar to the friends and admirers of Lincoln's secretary. Colonel Hay entertained every notable man of letters who visited the Capital and his daughter intends as far as practical to keep up this hallowed custom. In the main corridor of the home hangs a fine steel engraving of the "Wreck of the Prairie Bell" with the verses in Mr. Hay's chirography delicately etched along the margin. This picture was presented to the British ambassador, Mr. John Hay, by some admirers of the Pike County ballads in London, as a neat presentation tablet records. In the library, undisturbed since the weary and pain-racked scholar laid down his pen for the last time, are hundreds of literary treasures in the form of autographed books: a discriminating selection of the best in literature, science, stagecraft and art during his eventful life. Two bronze heads of Hay's best literary friends, Henry James and William Dean Howells adorn the mantel. There are famous pictures gathered during Mr. Hay's residence in Europe and perhaps the best private collection of etchings and cartoons to be found in Washington. An exquisite original of Sassa-ferrato's "Mother and Child" smiles down on the great desk placed conveniently near the window which looks out on Sixteenth Street. There are cartoons by every noted American, beginning with Nast, and by many British celebrites including Du Maurier. There are etchings by Raphael, Van Dyke, Leonardo da Vinci, Rubens, and many of the moderns in art and sculpture.

Every great writer of Mr. Hay's era has been entertained in this house. The list would practically mean all who have become more or less famous in the world of art and letters during the various residences of the poet-statesman in Washington. Rudyard Kipling, a neigh-

bor on Lake Sunapee, was a frequent visitor but always a retiring one. He encouraged Mr. Hay's daughter, Helen, now Mrs. Payne Whitney, to listen to the muses and he encouraged and sometimes criticized her early poetic efforts. Mrs. Whitney formed a close friendship for two other eminent men who were greatly beloved by her father, namely, John LaFarge and Charles Warren Stoddard. The latter encouraged her to complete and finally publish her longest and most ambitious poem, "The Rose of Dawn," a tale of the South Seas. It was written in the Sixteenth Street house, where Mr. Stoddard was constantly a guest. Mr. LaFarge added some dainty illustrations.

Henry Adams, the historian, lives in the house on H Street adjoining the Hay mansion. It is unnecessary, since he still lingers on the shores of time and his renown is common property, to estimate his work. A profound scholar and discerning witness of the philosophy of history, he is, sad to say, connected more closely with that wonderful statue by Saint Gaudens to be seen in his family mortuary ground in Rock Creek Cemetery than with the domain of history. Near-by is the residence for many years of the international "What-shall-we-do-with-him" Slidell. Old Washingtonians invariably tell that he stepped right down through the pillared doorway into the Confederacy, presumably typified by Mason waiting for him on the corner.

Dr. Samuel C. Busey, whose charming books on early Washington are such a boon to present-day investigators, lived for many years on the corner of Sixteenth and I Streets. John Burroughs, who from 1864 until 1873 was a clerk in the Treasury, resided in several different parts of the city. He had a pleasant home in Rockville, where nearly all of his books relating to Wash-

ington were written. But in the winter he lived for several years at 377 First Street East and later in Iowa Circle in a frame house since demolished. In "Wake Robin" there are two chapters called "Spring in Washington." They remain the classic of the Capital City out of doors and the *vade mecum* for the explorer a-foot. "Winter Sunshine," "Birds and Poets," "Locusts and Wild Honey," all contain reminiscences of his Washington life and make Burroughs one of the best loved figures in the literary annals of the city.

Walt Whitman was a clerk in the Attorney-General's office at the same time that John Burroughs was buried in banking laws and such extraneous matter. Whitman hired what he describes as a pleasant room in 1205 M Street, a house unfortunately no more, and he snatched his irregular meals at odd moments "Down Town," namely in Pennsylvania Avenue. Whitman's letters and miscellaneous writings are full of Washington, reflections on politics, religion, art, science and literature—every subject under the sun. His dialogues with a car-driver, one of those who manipulated the old belt line horse cars, are both amusing and instructive and abound in the homely philosophy always associated with this great poet.

Olive Risley Seward lived in the old group of tall brick structures in Pennsylvania Avenue known as the "Six Buildings," her home being No. 2210. She wrote "A Washington Winter" and was always an attractive figure during a period in which women writers were seated in high places. Madeline Vinton Dahlgreen, widow of Admiral Eric Dahlgreen, lived at 1347 L Street and was a voluminous writer. Her volume on Washington etiquette was during many years a kind of Draconian law, but it has been superseded in later years by less tyrannical instructions. The fame of

Frances Hodgson Burnett from its earliest stages is entirely a Washington evolution. That splendid home, 1770 Massachusetts Avenue, associated with the most brilliant years of her literary career, was erected from foundation stone to turret from the proceeds of "Little Lord Fauntleroy." This best beloved of Mrs. Burnett's books was written in Washington and its hero, Vivian Burnett, has always been an object of intense interest. He resided here not many years ago, but he was six feet two and looked very savage when called by the familiar cognomen. Mrs. Burnett lived for the last time in her Massachusetts Avenue home during the winter in which Julia Arthur starred in the dramatic version of "The Lady of Quality." Her salon was crowded by the literati of the capital and on her famous Sunday afternoons, the big-wigs of politics might rub elbows with the favorites of Bohemia and of the nebulous realms beyond the footlights. This home was sold many years ago and Washington rarely enjoys a visit from her most gifted living author.

Mrs. E. D. E. N. Southworth's cottage on Prospect Avenue in old Washington was once a literary shrine frequented by hundreds of admirers and even now it receives a fair share of attention from the throngs en route to Cabin John's Bridge. The home of Francis Scott Key, 3518 M Street, has crumbled to decay, though for a time feeble efforts were set forth to save it, another proof, if one were needed, that Americans are not sentimentalists. The author of the "Star Spangled Banner" was for many years United States Attorney for the District of Columbia. He received frequent visits from the Muses and in 1856 a posthumous collection of his poetic output was presented to the public. Other noted literary landmarks in the ancient city of Georgetown are the residences of Rev-

erend Stephen Bloomer Balch, 3302 N Street, Charles Lanman at 3035 P Street and Georgetown University. The venerable seat of learning founded by the first Archbishop of Baltimore and Roman Catholic Primate of the United States, has been from its inception the scene of literary activity. Rev. Edward I. Devitt, S.J., occupant of the Carroll Morgan chair of Colonial History, read before this society a delightful article on Georgetown College and described its place in the school of letters. Prior to the erection of Woodstock Seminary that valuable series of epistles now known as the Woodstock Letters were published from the private printing presses of the college. Members of the various faculties have written books of different degrees of fame, and many of the students of the old college have followed literature as a profession and added exhaustively to the enormous sum total of books written in the capital city. Some of the professors of Georgetown climbed high in their elected callings; namely, Camillus Mazella, once teacher of dogmatic theology in the school of sacred science and afterwards the powerful Cardinal Mazella during the tenure of Leo XIII; Father Secchi, the illustrious director of the Vatican Observatory, once teacher of astronomy in the college; and the present director of the Vatican Observatory, Father John Hagen, well known to hundreds of residents during his long service in the college.

Leaving the older city and coming down to what was known to the early residents as the "First Ward" one comes to many homes associated with familiar literary chronicles. David D. Porter lived at 1710 H Street. Bishop John F. Hurst, founder of the Methodist University and author of religious books which at one time enjoyed wide popularity, lived at 1701 Massachusetts Avenue. Capitol Hill once possessed a brilliant coterie

of writers and poets within its purviews. That indomitable woman, Anne Royall, made her home on B Street between Third and Fourth.

Mary Clemmer lived at 134 Penna. Avenue, S.E., between First and Second. William A. Croffut's memory is attached to the ancient domicile at 142 B Street, N.E., and George Watterton's to 224 Second between C Street and Penna. Avenue. Richard Hovey lived and sang at 48 B Street, N.E. John G. Nicolay, associated with John Hay in writing the life of Lincoln, as he had been in former secretarial duties, lived through many decades at 212 S Street, S.E. Henry C. Schoolcraft, Indian writer, and his wife, Mary Schoolcraft, lived at 315 C Street and later at 1321 F Street, N.W. Nathan Sargent's home, 129 East Capitol, has long ago disappeared. Mrs. Mary A. Denison, wife of Reverend Charles W. Denison, and author of popular books in their day, lived at 622 G Street, S.E.

Doctor William Thornton, distinguished scholar as well as architect of the United States capitol building, resided at 1331 F Street and also 3221 Bridge Street, Peter Force lived on the northeast corner of Tenth and D Streets and George W. Samsom on E Street between 6th and 7th, a site now covered by the Columbian University Law Building. Sunset Cox owned a home at 1408 New Hampshire Avenue. Ben Perley Poore's home was once at 156 Congress Street, but his later years were all spent in the old Ebbitt House, standing on the site of the new hostelry. Horatio King lived, according to the old numbering, at about 10 H Street, N.W., in a mansion long since passed out of existence. George Wood, author of a book which caused much talk in its time, "Peter Schlemihl in America," lived with Doctor James C. Hall at 909 Pennsylvania Avenue. Lawrence Gobright resided at 918 E Street and Thomas

L. McKenney, one of the earliest of Indian writers, had a pleasant home in Massachusetts Avenue extended, a house demolished years ago.

The old Columbian University, now known as the George Washington, has led a rather nomadic existence but literary memories cling to it in the several neighborhoods connected with its history. As in the case of Georgetown and the Catholic Universities, the faculty have added materially to the reputation of Washington as a place where people write books. Its history has, however, been only a few months ago the subject of a scholarly paper read before this Society by Rear Admiral Charles Herbert Stockton, U.S.N., retired, now serving as president. During all these years professors of Columbian and George Washington have been toiling at their appointed tasks and still finding leisure to make valuable contributions to art, letters, science and philosophy.

Of living scholars, there is also an embarrassment of riches. In 18th Street resides John W. Foster, author of "Fifty Years of Diplomacy" and of many other works which have a distinct place in international history. David Jayne Hill resided during his term as Assistant Secretary of State at 1313 K Street, and here he began his great work, "The History of Diplomacy," now in its last volume and published in many tongues. Doctor Hill was for a period professor in the school of diplomacy and jurisprudence, one of the noteworthy affiliations of Columbian University during its palmiest days. Mrs. Juliet Packer Hill, his wife, deserves a place in "Literary Landmarks" in that she was chateleine of what was the nearest approach to a literary salon ever conducted in the national capital. In her drawing-room one might meet all and every one of the distinguished scholars who then resided in Wash-

ton, and might hear all of the languages of polite Europe. Maurice Francis Egan still owns a home in Washington and will, without doubt, when he lays down the burden of active life, return to this city and continue his literary labors. Another literary diplomat residing abroad at the present time is Thomas Nelson Page, whose splendid home is now the Italian Embassy. Doctor Page has written little in latter days; his fame is wholly identified with his Virginia days. Mollie Elliot Sewall resides in a charming home, No. 1767 P Street and has surrounded herself with a distinct literary and artistic coterie of friends. The beautiful home of Grace Greenwood on Massachusetts Avenue above Dupont Circle is another radiating point for the world of letters. The Smithsonian roster contains living scholars as eminent as those who have launched their bark on the receding tide. In the Bureau of Ethnology are famous writers, among them that indomitable woman, Matilda Coxe Stephenson, the greatest authority, living or dead, on the fascinating theme of the Zuni Indians. Nearly every department of the government has a fair percentage of those who are writing books, books which will undoubtedly form part of the permanent annals of the epoch.

Bret Harte came to Washington many times in his struggling days and invariably he was a guest at the old Chamberlain Hotel. He has written an amusing description of his first visit to the United States capitol and his impressions of the Conscript Fathers as they sat in council assembled. Bret Harte and John Hay were intimates for years. American literature does not contain a more inspiring chapter than between these two, whose names promise to be imperishable in the national literature. Nor is there anything more touching than Bret Harte's description of his first encounter

with Mark Twain and the latter's story of the "Jumping Frog," now a classic, famous wherever humor is accepted. Bret Harte spent many miserable months here and always he was cheered by Hay and encouraged with the assurance that success must surely come. When the brilliant Californian lay dying the last words his fading eyes beheld was that cablegram from Hay, then Secretary of State and near the dark valley himself. "Before my sands run down," said the message, "I call to you across the deep waters 'How?'" Charles Warren Stoddard lived for many years in a quaint home on the corner of Fourth and M Streets, N.W. He was the valued friend of both Hay and Harte and his home was filled with tender memories of both. When Bret Harte's life was written Mr. Stoddard furnished the better part of the intimate details and gave in addition some quaint and characteristic letters. He was constantly the guest of John Hay and was always asked to meet the passing literati. Mr. Stoddard wrote here that exquisite story called "The Wonder Worker," the life of Saint Anthony of Padua, so exquisitely tender and compelling; it is a favorite of all varieties of religious people. Mr. Stoddard was also the friend of Robert Louis Stevenson and Joaquin Miller. He gave a number of brilliant letters from Stevenson when the latter's step-daughter collected and published his private papers, many of them having been received during his residence in Washington. The poet of the Sierras is still vividly recalled by many who knew him in his log hut out towards Rock Creek. This famous abode is preserved in the Park which will always be associated with his name. It is the objective of many pilgrimages during all the months of the year. James Lane Allen spent a winter in Washington, though it seemed to have no literary sequel. He was the guest

of Doctor Egan, then a professor at the Catholic University, now United States minister to Denmark.

Mark Twain is intimately bound up in literary history, not only because of his residence and constant visits, but for his splendid work in connection with the copyright laws. In Albert Bigelow Payne's sympathetic life of the illustrious humorist may be found that mooted story about his secretaryship under Senator Stewart of Nevada. In a letter dated December, 1867, Mr. Clemens states briefly that he has accepted the post and that he lives in Bill Stewart's rooms on Capitol Hill and gets his meals at the Willard. That the greatest literary genius which America has yet produced did not find the duties of congressional secretary congenial is known to all who possess even a passing knowledge of Mr. Clemens's life. He wrote two of the most ludicrous sketches that his pen produced on the theme, "A Late Senatorial Secretaryship" and "Facts Concerning a Recent Resignation," in a room in the old Willard which was formerly proudly pointed out to the stranger. Mr. Clemens lived in Washington during part of two years, sometimes filling a place much honored yet, in the press gallery of Senate and House, sometimes devoting himself to what he called pure literature. He always retained cordial friendship for his old associates in the press gallery and welcomed them no matter where their paths happened to cross. Though finding much to satirize and abundant material for sketches, Mr. Clemens soon became disheartened. "Whiskey," he writes about the end of the second year in Washington, "is taken into the committee rooms in demi-johns and is taken in demagogues. I am heartily sick of the whole thing."

Washington always possessed a lure for Mr. Clemens despite his frequent criticism of politics and the na-

tional aspect of life presented to the student. He returns to Washington again and again during the years between 1872 and his death in 1910. Mr. Clemens was a fervent Democrat and admired Grover Cleveland intensely, while he gave to Mrs. Cleveland the devotion of a knight in the middle ages. His letters paint in an inimitable way his frequent visits during Mr. Cleveland's occupancy of the White House. On one occasion he and Mrs. Clemens were invited to dine with the Clevelands, but when the day came, Mrs. Clemens was ill and unable to accompany her husband. Reaching the White House he made his apologies for the absence of his lady and then gravely handed Mrs. Cleveland a sheet of letter paper and asked her to sign. Naturally the First Lady gasped, what and why? Mr. Clemens then turned the paper and showed in Mrs. Clemens's dainty hand: "Don't wear your arctics to the White House." Mrs. Cleveland wrote beneath, "He didn't," and signed her full name, a souvenir of the great humorist now possessed by his cherished friend, William Dean Howells. The widow of Grover Cleveland, now Mrs. Preston, treasures that letter which her dear dead daughter, Ruth, received from Mark Twain when the little one was six years old. It was a bit of humor intended to save the official head of his old friend Frank Mason, Consul-General to Frankfort-on-the-Main. The letter was written by Mr. Clemens in the most pains-taking way as to chirography:

"*My dear Ruth:*—

"I belong to the Mugwumps and one of the most sacred rules of our order prevents us from asking favors from officials or recommending men to office. But there is no harm in writing to you that your father is about to commit an infernal outrage in turning out of office the best consul I ever knew and I have known a good many, just because he is a republican and

a democrat wants his place. I can't send any message to the President but the next time you talk to him about such matters I wish you would tell him about Captain Mason and what I think of a government which so treats its efficient servants."

President Cleveland replied in a letter of corresponding wit and promised in behalf of Ruth that Mason should not be troubled, a promise scrupulously fulfilled.

December, 1906, is memorable in literary history because it marks the coming of the hierarchy of letters to revise the copyright law. The New Willard reached the high crest of its fame and sheltered under its roof at the same juncture of time Mark Twain, William Dean Howells, Henry James, Robert Underwood Johnson, Mrs. Burnett, in a word, America's Academy of Immortals. Mr. Clemens led the cohorts and with him will always be associated the name of his loyal friend and staunch supporter, Champ Clark, now Speaker of the House of Representatives, then leader of the minority on the floor. It was during this hearing that Mark Twain blossomed forth for the first time in the radiant white garments, so intimate a part of his history. With all the other aforesaid and with Harpers, Putnams, Appletons, and Barnes he held nightly court at the New Willard and besides was frequently the lion of a social evening. Mark Twain practically wrote the new copyright law. Mr. Clark did not venture the least change without consulting the illustrious Missourian and the result was that authors and publishers alike were fairly satisfied. Mark Twain wrote enthusiastically to his Pike County neighbor after the bill passed triumphantly, unscathed in either House, and said among other pleasing things:

"At last and for the first time in copyright history we are ahead of England by length of time and fairness to all concerned."

Thomas Nelson Page gave a dinner in honor of the victory, and Mr. Clemens was lion of the hour. Every literary stranger within the gates was present and it was a famous occasion. Mr. Bigelow tells entertaining incidents of this feast of reason and flow of soul. It was a splendid and satisfying banquet for which the home of the Southron is noted. On the morning after the Page dinner, Mr. Bigelow recalls a touching incident in this last visit the eminent humorist made to his capital city.

"At breakfast Mr. Clemens expressed a desire to visit Rock Creek Cemetery," writes Mr. Bigelow, "and see the bronze woman who sits in the still Park. It was a bleak, dull December day and as we walked down the avenues of the dead there was a presence of realized sorrow that seemed suited to our visit. We entered the little enclosure of cedars where sits the dark figure which is art's supreme expression of the great human mystery of life and death. Instinctively we removed our hats and neither spoke until we had come away."

"'What does he call it?' asked my companion. I did not know but I had heard applied to it that great line of Shakespeare's: 'The rest is silence.'

"'But that figure is not silent,' he said, 'but is in deep meditation over sorrowful things.'"